

Make Merry Now; Wait For Utopia

BY DOBOTHY DIX.
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.
"I have been young and am now old," said a woman the other day, "and the sum of all the philosophy that I have learned is this—that if we wish to be happy, we must make the most of now and here."

"There is no use in waiting to enjoy ourselves until the ideal condition of affairs occurs. It never takes place, but this is a pretty good old world, after all, with lots of pleasant things in it. There is no use in waiting for a cloudless day before you have your picnic, but even a picnic in the rain is jolly good sport if you laugh at the rain, and can see how funny you look with your feathers wilted down."

"Of course this is a hard lesson for women to learn. We are waiters by nature. We are always doing the beautiful waiting stunt and particularly we are always waiting for the psychological moment to come, in which we are going to let ourselves go and be happy, and have a good time."

"Somehow women seem to have a dim idea that there is something almost immoral in being happy at the present moment, or getting any good out of a thing while the getting is good."

"You can see this in the way in which so many women dress. When they get a new gown or a new hat, they consider it wild extravagance to wear them while they are new, and smart, and in the meantime, in the closet, they are acquiring age and unattractiveness in uselessness."

"I had an aunt who kept her clothes so long before she wore them that she frequently had them made over a couple of times before she had them on. She always looked like a back number because her good clothes were hanging on her, and she hung the ancient vintages on herself."

"And haven't you known women who have notable housekeepers who never had a bit of good food on their tables? In their parlors were rows and rows of jars of delicious confections and they were good to eat, and the family was always being fed on something that was always just beginning to mold."

"Such a woman would consider it a disgrace to have a good dinner, but she was fresh. She always used the stale cake until it was gone and by the time they got through with it, because the new cake was also old and stale."

"And look at the women who never indulge themselves in any pleasure as they go through with the theater, but they won't spend the price of a ticket so that at some indefinite season they will go to the grand opera. They won't even indulge themselves in a decent meal at a good restaurant because in their eyes to expect to feast at the table."

"But the time never comes for them to cash in on their self-denial and have the grand party for which they have been saving up. When the hour arrives that they had set for to be happy, they find that the grand party is over, and they are left with a pile of old and blind to eat anything but mush and milk."

"The only pleasures we are sure of, are those that we get as we go along, and we only get these by not looking at life too closely in the mouth, or being too critical as to whether they are eighteen-karat gold, or only gold plated."

"And this same principle of making the most of now and here applies to nearly every phase of life. To be happy we must learn to take the best that life can give us, and let the balance go."

"If you have a friend, for instance, who is understanding and sympathetic, and cheerful and bright, and you enjoy those qualities in her. Love her for them, and do not worry because she is not judgmental, and is always off after some new fad."

"Or if you have a friend who is kind and sensible and practical, and dependable, rest your soul upon her as upon the Rock of Ages, and do not have your pleasure in her marred by the fact that she never takes a joke, and has about as much subtlety to her as a pick-axe."

"And learning to make the best of things will do more to make matrimony a grand sweet story, than anything else in the world. Everything is in the point of view. So why should not a man say to himself, 'It is true my Ellen Ann would never take a prize at a beauty show, nor is she a scintillating wit, or calculated to make a splash in society, but she is the best cook who ever put a hand to a range, and she is a marvel of economy, and her devotion is such that she would die for me any day of the week. Therefore I shall fatten on her good cooking, her thrift will make me rich, and I shall live happily in the peace of a man who has the kind of a wife that he can not lose.'"

"And why, instead of fretting about having missed her soul mate, can not a woman say to herself: 'I know that my James is commonplace, and bald, and fat, but that the only thing that really raises a thrill in his breast are planked steak and a ten-point rise in stocks, but he is certainly one grand little money maker, and I will content myself knowing that a limousine and bank account are better than being really understood.'"

"And, believe me," said the old woman, "this is the sum and substance of all happiness, for when we learn to like what we have, we always have what we like, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc."

WHO'S WHO IN THE DAY'S NEWS
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A FRIEND IN NEED
"Hear about Bill Bollenbore? He's got a case of lumbago at his house. Guess I'd better run over and help him drink it up."—The Home Secretary.

BUTOHERED.

The amateur dramatic society had spent many anxious nights on practice and rehearsal, and at length the great evening that was to show their powers arrived. One of the amateurs had found it inconvenient to attend, and his place was taken by an understudy.

But, as he was allotted a part with only one sentence, no hitch was anticipated. He was the headman, and, as he walked on the stage, he strode onto the stage, and, folding his arms, exclaimed: "My lord, my lord! I have beheaded thee!"

"Oh, you have, have you?" returned the local butcher, who was taking the part of the cruel king. "Well, they always tell me to tell you that you've spoiled the blessed show. You've done it two acts too soon!"

NECESSARY.
"We'd better furnish up the gymnasium of our athletic club."
"With the bar closed the members will have to do something to kill time."

UNCLE WIGGILY'S BEDTIME STORY

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Billie Bushytail, come right in the house this minute!" chattered the mother of the squirrel boy, one day, as she saw him playing out in the snow with his brother Johnnie. "Come right in!"

"Oh, mother! Mayn't I just plunk one more snowball at Uncle Wiggily?" asked Billie.

"What's that? Throw snowballs at good old Uncle Wiggily?" remarked Mrs. Bushytail. "I should say not! The idea! Why, whatever in the world—"

"We're not exactly throwing snowballs at Uncle Wiggily," explained Johnnie. "It's his old year's tail silk hat, and he said we could think of it. We're having lots of fun."

"Yes, let them play a little longer," spoke the old rabbit gentleman himself, peering his head up from behind a snowbank where he had gone to hide, so he couldn't be hit after all the squirrel boys throw snowballs at his old hat."

"All right," agreed Mrs. Bushytail, but she kept watch of the clock, and when she called Billie and Johnnie again.

"You really must come in now," she said. "I'm afraid you will get your feet wet and have the sniffles-stuffles."

"But we have our rubber boots on, ma," objected Billie.

"There might be holes in them," said Mrs. Bushytail, and sure enough, when Billie and his brother came in a little later, having plunked Uncle Wiggily's tail silk hat to their hearts' content, Billie's feet-paws were all wet.

"There, I knew you'd be mended in your boots," said his mother. "Johnnie, how about yours?"

"But Johnnie's boots have no holes in them, so his paws were dry."

"But if Billie's boots have holes in them," said Uncle Wiggily, when the squirrel boys were warming their feet near the fire and eating popcorn balls with apple-pudding sauce, why, in that case, they ought to be mended."

"I'll take the rubber boots over to Mr. Stuhball, the nice bear gentleman shoe mender, and he will put patches on them."

The Spirit of Springtime



Miss Genevieve Anderson impersonating Spring.

Spring fantasies are being rehearsed by the girls of Mills college, Oakland, Cal. Above is shown Miss Genevieve Anderson, of Denver, one of the star athletes of the college, impersonating Spring on the college grounds.

"I feel! My face is all cracked!" and away he ran. "Here!" called Uncle Wiggily, laughing at the bad chap. "Don't you want some souse and rubber boots?"

"Not that kind! Oh, not that kind!" howled the Bazumpus, running faster than ever.

And then Uncle Wiggily picked up Billie's boots, which had unstretched themselves and were now the regular size again. And tucking them under his paw, and with his souse still safely on his ears, the bunny rabbit gentleman hurried home.

So this teaches us that often it is better to let go of something than to hold on. And if the sawdust-stuffed dog doesn't crawl in the doll house, and make the gold fish sleep in the cat's cradle, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Johnnie's jitters.

For the Table
Blanket Fruit Salad—Mix equal parts of shredded pineapple, bananas cut in pieces, and sections of orange and mandarin in French dressing. Fill banana skins with the mixture, sprinkle generously with paprika and arrange on lettuce leaves.

Too Much Ceremony.
The battalion was resting beside the road toward the end of its 15-mile march. After the weary marchers had eased their backs and slipped from their nearly empty canteens, they were engaged in the energetic setting up exercises being gone through by a strange outfit in a nearby field.

"What's that there gang?" inquired Private Hanks, of Oklahoma, who he lay on his bunk, reading a newspaper. "Infantry candidates' school," replied the corporal.

"Candidates' Infantry candidates?" exploded Hanks. "My good sakes! Do you have to make application and be initiated to get into this mess now-a-days?"—The Home Sector.

Have You Little Radical In Home?

BY HELEN ROWLAND.
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"I am a Kitchen-Boishevik!" I will be free! I shall demand tatar sauce upon my charlotte russe, and maple syrup on my mutton chop!"

I shall serve the turkey with a nut purdieu, and stuff it with grapefruit and sweet, young sardines. The turkey, poor down-trodden victim of society, does not realize its personal rights its individualism!

I shall call gravy with my pea soup. I will serve pink Turkish towels for napkins, and fishbooks for forks. I will snub my cook as though I were her equal!

Cooks may leave me, and chambermaids may fly from me as from the influenza—but my soul, my storied immortality will go soaring on, untrammelled.

Nothing but a revolution can free this world from the tyranny of its cooks and cook books!

Nothing but revolt can make us free! I will be free!

I'll be wonderful—to be a radical! (One hour later, having been deported from the kitchen; Belinda, the bourgeois—has shouted me out with a mop!)

Believes Husband Is Flirting With Others

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: My husband and I have been married a year. We live in a boarding house and I have nothing to do but keep myself neat and attractively dressed. Still my husband insists upon me never entering his place of business, and consents of opinion is that he flirts with more than one young lady at his office.

Indeed, such tales have come to me that I have thought it best to ask him to be careful of his conduct. This made me exceedingly angry and he told me to mind my own business. I am terribly humiliated and want your advice. I have children; would you cease living with him?

No, I would not separate from my husband. Why not be game and win out in the long run? I am a good mother and a good wife. I will advise him to stop flouting me, and if you plan to visit a movie house or theater, suggest that he go with you. I will be as hard on the girls at the office as he is on me at home.

Meanwhile read and study. I would suggest, too, that you take a course in bookkeeping or millinery, so you will have something to do with your time during the day. Develop a sense of responsibility. If you are a ridiculous person living in the married man who wishes to appear single.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—For several years I was an invalid and doctors and operations were unable to cure me. I later submitted to the power of the devil and became worse. Now I am again a young man. I am in better health. Some people do not believe they can be cured of ill by faith, but I am a young man. I am in better health. Please give me your ideas upon the subject.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Why are men so heartless? I am a love with a boy aged 20, and I board with his family. He cares little or nothing for me and he has a girl friend. I have been with him for a year and he has not even invited me to go with him to his home, because I am a woman. What would you suggest that I do?

Dear Mrs. Thompson—The girl I married is a very nice girl, but she is a little different. Now she wants me back. What shall I do? I love her yet.

Take her back, but do not be "easy" this time. If it is not always agreeable to be at her beck and call, may as well be a person who is not a person. A spirit of independence in others.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Are there any such things as real girl friends? Mine have all turned out to be unfaithful, catfish, or enemies.

Yes, there are such things, but they are rare. Do not let the ones who have proved false, though, prejudice you. Do your own thing, and be true to yourself, and sooner or later you will insure the friendship of a real womanly girl.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I have been married two years and recently my husband has been very indifferent toward me. We live at a boarding house in Philadelphia, and he insists upon coming into town alone and staying a night and a day. He has a girl friend, and he is a very nice fellow. I am only 19 years of age and want some pleasure. We have no children; would you get a divorce?

People, these days, seem to think that a divorce remedies all things. No, indeed, I would not get a divorce. I would walk out of a middle. What takes courage and real character is to stay with the tongue and heart and body. You have a chance now to prove to yourself your own worth. If you were attractive and interesting enough to cause your husband to lead you to the altar, it does seem to me that you might be him now since he is in your power. Why not take a trip to Memphis yourself? Look up old friends and have an afternoon in the shops and movies. Cease berating your husband for taking trips and be pleasant. Also ask him for a small amount of money. Use this for making yourself or your home pleasant and soothing.

You might read to the blind; they would appreciate it beyond words, and you yourself would find pleasure in it. You might tend the babies of young children of some of your less fortunate friends or neighbors while they go to a matinee or a card party for a bit of recreation. You might sit with an invalid one afternoon a week in order that the young daughter of the house may get much needed exercise or diversion. You might teach a class of children in the neighborhood. There are a great many ways in which you may do good.

So don't, please, any of you Mrs. Wives-with-husbands-who-can-provide-for-you, rush into business just because everybody is doing it. Too many are already so absorbed in money-making that they have forgotten the unfortunate we have always with us.

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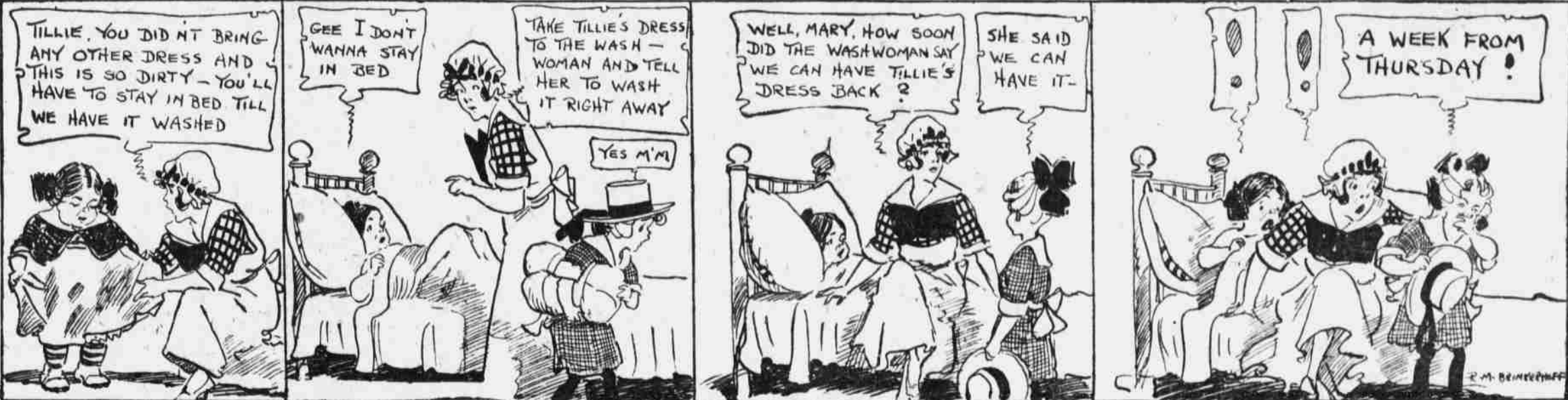
There are two kinds of men—those with a sense of humor, and those who laugh at motion picture comedies.

BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Guess They'll Use the Water for Ink



JOE'S CAR—Now for a Test of Joe's Quick Thinker



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